

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 15. [NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, JULY 17, 1824.

VOL. I.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

### WOODBINE GROVE.

My parents both left this world of sorrow and disappointment before I was sensible of their protecting care, or capable of lamenting the loss of it. The earl of Castlebroke, (my father's most intimate friend,) was my guardian; and never were the duties of such a charge more studiously attended to. In his lordship's family I continued till my brother, who was three years older than I, had taken possession of his fortune. Of the numerous visitants at Castlebroke Lodge, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford, with their lovely niece, claimed the largest share of my esteem. Selina was, like myself, an orphan: the similarity of our fate inspired a mutual attachment between us, which increasing years ripened into the truest friendship, and most unreserved confidence. Her form was in a peculiar degree delicate and feminine; and she had received from nature that grace which is more attractive than beauty; her modesty and diffidence, which were in the extreme, prevented the very superior qualities of her mind from being discovered, except on an intimate acquaintance. To her personal charms and a splendid fortune, therefore, she was indebted for a numerous train of suitors; of these the most distinguished, as well as the most importunate, was count Almado, from whose family Mr. Clifford had received every mark of politeness and hospitality when at Madrid; and this induced him to solicit that young nobleman to pass part of the summer, he spent in England, at his villa, which was within a mile of Castlebroke Lodge; a circumstance highly pleasing to me, as it afforded me frequent opportunities of seeing my dear Selina. Often have we, by appointment, passed whole mornings together in a gothic temple, which was situated in the most retired part of the park: books, embroidery, and music, alternately beguiled the fast-flying hours. My noble guardian, delighted with our

growing friendship, would frequently, when more important affairs required not his attention, condescend to share in the amusements of his children, as he always called us. To his conversation, ever instructive, we owed much of our knowledge in geography and natural philosophy; his lessons being delivered in a more familiar style than our teachers were accustomed to use, we comprehended them more clearly. These scenes are dear to my remembrance: the years in which I enjoyed them passed in tranquillity: they were the happiest of my life.

The last interview I had with my dear friend, alone in our favourite retreat, was one summer's evening. I had waited for her near an hour; and supposing some unexpected incident had prevented her coming, I had just closed the volume, with which I was amusing myself and was going to return to the house, when I met her on the steps of the temple, her own and Mrs. Clifford's footman being at a small distance. As soon as she saw me, she dismissed the servants, and with a look of anxiety, which alarmed me, threw her arms about me, and then burst into tears. I was too much struck to break silence, but she soon recovered her voice. "In your society, my Athenia," said she, "I trust I shall find a refuge from my own disquieting emotions; the count has left us." "His departure is not the cause of your uneasiness, my dear; he has many shining qualities, but I always thought them alloyed with a fire and impetuosity little calculated to win the gentle heart of my Selina." "Yes," resumed she, sighing, "love is indeed a stranger to my bosom; but, had Almado given me leave, I could have inspired esteem, unmingled with a softer sentiment, had not the violence of his passions absolutely changed it into terror. I was enjoying the sweetness of the air, and contemplating the beautiful effect of the moonlight in the cypress walk, rather later than usual, last evening, secretly congratulating myself on being likely to be so soon freed from the count's importunities, when I saw him at the further end of it; determined to avoid him, I turned down a path, leading through the wilderness, and went directly to

the saloon, where I found my uncle and aunt, with Sir George and Lady Sidney, who were just arrived. Almado did not appear till supper time; he tried to dissemble, but excessive anger was marked on his glowing countenance: he withdrew as soon as he could with politeness, on pretence of writing some letters of importance. At breakfast he was visibly discomposed; and notwithstanding his avowed purpose of quitting Oakley Grove immediately, he prolonged his departure till noon. It so happened that I did not go into my dressing-room till an hour before dinner; the first thing that caught my eye was this billet, laid on the toilet." She took it out of her pocket-book; it contained, as nearly as I can remember, the following words:—

"I thank you, madam, for that contemptuous behaviour, which has conquered love, in raising a just indignation. I shall, as soon as possible, be in my native country, and it is uncertain how long those circumstances which precipitate my return may detain me there; you think you shall not see me again; but know, the resentment your conduct has awakened shall never sleep more.

ALMADO."

"I trembled excessively on reading this note. How weak to be so much affected. This man who wrote it will be many leagues distant: but, my Athenia, I could not sufficiently compose myself to venture from home so early as I longed to be with you; my ideas were full of horror. I fancied I might be insulted by the count, who, perhaps, had concealed himself near, with some desperate intention, and only feigned the necessity of his speedy departure. I imparted my fears and their motive to Mrs. Clifford, who kindly tried to dispel them, and indulged my folly, by permitting her servant, with mine, to attend me."

I was prevented making a reply by the approach of Lord Castlebroke with a gentleman, whom I soon discovered to be my brother, though he was grown very tall, and five years' travelling in different climates had greatly embrowned his complexion. I flew to welcome his return to England, and he returned my sisterly embrace with the warmest affection. In the mean time, my guardian stepped forward, and taking Selina's hand, presented her to my dear Lionel, as my most intimate friend, and his other daughter. My brother purchased a house soon after his arrival, and resided at the lodge till it was ready for his reception. He had frequent opportunities of seeing Miss Clifford, and the nearness of his relationship to me rendered her less reserved in conversation with him than she usually was in general society. You will not wonder, that he loved a woman so truly lovely with the tenderest affection, nor, had you

known the worth of Lionel, that it should create in her bosom a mutual attachment. Our guardian approved what had long been my ardent wish, and in a few months my happy brother received his Selina from the hand of the almost equally happy Mr. Clifford. They united their entreaties that I would live with them, but my lord would not consent to my leaving Castlebroke Lodge: it was at last agreed, that my time should be equally divided between the two houses: I accompanied my sister to this sequestered abode, and was for some weeks her visiter, a witness to the felicity of an union which rose on the permanent basis of virtue.

Of those who paid their personal congratulations to my brother on his marriage, Colonel Fortescue was among the foremost; they were educated at an academy together, but no particular friendship subsisted between them, till they chanced to have apartments under the same roof at Florence. Congeniality of virtues changed the common civilities of acquaintance into the more delightful attentions of sincere esteem.—Lionel insisted on unceremonious visits from Mr. Fortescue, and the colonel obeyed his injunctions with evident pleasure. I will not pay so poor a compliment to my brother's friend, as to attempt a description of his personal or mental accomplishments; it is sufficient to say, the latter would have reflected lustre on a diadem.

Mr. Fortescue's visits to Woodbine Grove were frequent during his stay in England. I blush not to confess how much his merit endeared him to me, but it was not till one evening, nearly two years after our first acquaintance, that I became sensible how essential his society was to my happiness. The day having been very warm, we were sitting under the colonade, fronting the lawn, and listening to the melody of my brother's German flute, when the colonel's servant brought a packet to his master. He asked our permission to break the seal, and as he read, I thought a degree of concern was impressed on his fine open countenance; to conceal the inquietude this supposition inspired, I took up some geraniums, which lay on a table by me, and was disposing them in bouquets; when my brother, perceiving his friend's discomposure, eagerly said, "I hope you have no bad news, my dear Raymond." "I ought not, sir," he replied with a sigh, "to call the voice of duty such; yet the felicity I have enjoyed in your hospitable mansion (bowing very low) I cannot resign without regret, and I own this summons to join my regiment is unwelcome, as it enforces my departure early to-morrow." The remainder of the evening was spent in unsuccessful endeavours to amuse each other; the interval between supper and the hour when we usually retired



to rest, was painful, but no one seemed to have the resolution to shorten it; at length Colonel Fortescue rose from his seat, and with a graceful politeness, which I never saw equalled, made his acknowledgments for what he styled the honours he had received at Woodbine Grove, and bade us adieu. We immediately repaired to our apartments, but not to rest; at least all my efforts to woo the "sleep-compelling power" were fruitless; I therefore rose, and, invited by the beauty of the night, wrapped my robe-de-chambre round me, and went into the garden: all was still, not a breath trembled on the leaves of the myrtles; the dew hanging thick on the blossoms, sparkled in the moon-beams, and heightened the fragrance of the orange grove: I entered the grotto, and, judge how great my surprise, when I beheld Mr. Fortescue; he started at my approach, but as I was hastily retiring, he stepped forward, and taking my hand in the most respectful manner, led me to a seat, and besought me to indulge him with my presence a few moments.

"I should," said he, "be most happy, had I cause to believe, that sentiments consonant to those which impeded my repose, actuated you, my dearest Miss Melmoth, to seek this retreat; but I dare not flatter myself with a hope so presuming, so infinitely beyond my pretensions; yet be not offended, if I implore your pity. O that my merits were such as might authorise me to change that word for friendship—friendship did I say! cold inexpressive epithet! for love!—Be not offended, if I plead the ardour of a passion, inspired, sweetest and most beloved of women, by your perfections! the disclosure, I had once determined, should never be made, because my love was without hope, but in this parting hour resolution forsakes me; perhaps it is the last time I shall ever behold you; if so."—Then sinking on his knees, he breathed a fervent prayer for my happiness. Words could but ill describe how much I was affected. I gave him my hand, and kneeled in silence beside him; my tears flowed unceasingly, and spoke the language of a heart which sought not to disguise its feelings. The dawning day reminded us of the necessity of our separation:—the noblest, most beloved of men led me through the orange grove, then tenderly pressing the hand he held to his lips, bedewed it with a tear.

In less than two months after the colonel's departure, we set out for the house of Mr. Clifford, where I intended staying till Lord Castlebroke, who was absent on some affairs of moment, returned to the lodge, where he was expected in a few days. When we were within seven miles of Oakley Grove, my brother, who was on horseback, rode forward, and soon after a servant, in a very

rich livery of crimson and silver, bowed as he obsequiously passed the chariot: Mrs. Melmoth immediately recognised him for one of Count Almado's attendants. Selina's pleasure at revisiting those scenes where her infant years were passed was extreme. The day after our arrival, as soon as we were disengaged from company, she was inclined to walk in the gardens; I attended her; she looked remarkably lovely; the evening air had given her lips a coral hue, and tinged her delicate complexion with an unusual bloom; her dress too was simply elegant, and as such particularly became her—a robe of the palest straw-coloured lustring, confined to the waist with a broad purple satin girdle, and tassels of pearls. Inclination led our steps to a building at the extremity of the pleasure grounds; it was erected on the model of a Turkish mosque, and stood in the centre of a grove of aspens: the blue silk curtains were drawn before the windows opposite the garden—gracious heaven! for what purpose! to conceal the Count Almado, whom we discovered on our entrance sitting in a musing posture, with pen and paper on the table before him: a faint scream, which escaped from Mrs. Melmoth, broke his reverie, and he hastily advanced to meet us; O let me forget that look of horror which overspread his features, as he thus, in a voice sometimes rendered almost inarticulate by rage, and often interrupted by convulsive sobs and smothered sighs, addressed my trembling sister: "Selina, my misery is complete; I cannot see you the wife of another and live: this spot, so frequently the witness of your tyranny and of my suffering, is destined as that in which both shall know a period: my resolution was fixed, and one hour later you would have beheld me lifeless at your feet, equally insensible to your beauty and your scorn: why then, by your presence, did you rekindle these distracting, these fatal emotions? Yes, my insulted love calls for vengeance, and the vow I have made shall yet be accomplished."

Tears dropped from his eyes as he uttered these words; I was terrified beyond expression, and endeavouring to support my sister, who leaned, fainting, and almost motionless on my bosom, when the count drew his sword! what at that moment became of my reason? I shrieked aloud, but we were too far from the house for any one to hear me: phrensy then surely seized the brain of Almado; he traversed the apartment with rapid steps; them coming up to us, both through terror having sunk down together on the marble floor, he repeated with strong emphasis, "O Selina! Selina! I cannot live, and see you the wife of another; neither can I die in peace while my rival is blest." I saw the cruel instrument of death

pierce her beauteous bosom, and then a happy insensibility relieved me from the ensuing scene of augmented horror. When I recovered my senses I found myself on a sofa, in the drawing-room, my own maid and Mrs. Clifford's woman attending with the proper restoratives: from them I learned that the count had stabbed himself, and was without any signs of life, when my brother and Mr. Clifford entered the mosque, whether they had walked in search of Selina and me. I inquired anxiously after my dear sister, and desired them to support me to her chamber; the surgeon, who arrived a few minutes before, was dressing the wound; he pronounced it not dangerous, but expressed his fears, lest, from the very delicate state of her health, the shock she had received might prove fatal. We nourished, however, the sweet delusion of hope; alas! the next rising sun evinced it to be vain! the fever which had seized her the preceding night was indeed abated, and reason resumed the seat of delirium, but her countenance was impressed with the palid hue of death.

"My Athenia," said she, extending her beauteous hand, as I approached her bed, "dearest sister of my heart! I am sensible of my danger, and, whilst able, wish to make one request to you, which I know you will not refuse: supply the loss of maternal care to my sweet child, and may her infantine gratitude and growing virtues repay your attention. To you, most fondly beloved of my soul!"—turning to my afflicted brother, "she will I trust, prove a comfort: and, O my Lionel, by that love which has rendered us so happy, I conjure you not to indulge immoderate sorrow." Her voice failed; she had only the power to clasp her arms around his neck, and pressing him feebly to her bosom, expired.

The paper which the desperate Almodo left on the table was an unfinished letter, addressed to Mr. Clifford; it spoke the language of ungovernable passions. He had accidentally heard of Selina's marriage, soon after he landed in England; and, having inquired the place of her abode, was on his way to Woodbine Grove, when the servant, who was sent forward to give the necessary orders for his master's accomodation that night, at the next town, knowing Mrs. Melmoth, informed the count of his meeting her on the road, as he supposed, going to Mr. Clifford's. This intelligence determined him to return early in the morning to the village near Oakley Grove; but how could he enter the mansion of his friend as an assassin? Despair at length absorbing the desire of revenge, he left the inn in search of some solitary spot, where unseen he might execute his dreadful purpose of suicide. Wandering near the wall of Mr.

Clifford's gardens, he recollected that a small gate, which opened into the adjacent meadow, was frequently left unlocked; by this means he found admission to the mosque, and there, unhappily, we found him.

The poignancy of that sorrow which filled every breast that knew the worth of our dear lamented Mrs. Melmoth, it is impossible to describe: my brother's rose to little less than distraction; when we returned to Woodbine Grove, the sight of his infant daughter renewed his grief. Lord Castlebroke, who honoured us with his company, though a sincere mourner with us, sought with unremitting assiduity to withdraw his mind from so fixed an attention to melancholy ideas. Lionel acknowledged with gratitude his friendly intentions, "but," said he, "it will not do; every thing here reminds me of the happiness I once enjoyed with my Selina, and which with that dear angel took an everlasting flight. I have formed a design which I now will impart to you, my noble friend; it is to enter his majesty's service as a volunteer; your lordship knows Colonel Fortescue, now with his regiment in Germany; you are no stranger to the intimacy subsisting between us; perhaps, in his society, remote from those scenes, which too painfully recall the remembrance of my lost felicity, tranquillity may be brought once more to dwell in this afflicted bosom.—Dearest Athenia, you will fulfil the dying request of your sainted sister; to your care I entrust my little Selina, and both to the protection of you, my honoured guardian, who will more than compensate for the absence of their Melmoth."

My unhappy brother staid in England only as long as the arrangement of his affairs required his presence. When he took leave of me, my heart foreboded a final separation, and a few months verified its prediction. A letter from Colonel Fortescue to Lord Castlebroke contained the sad tidings, that a fever, occasioned by excessive fatigue, in the performance of military duty, joined to the grief which incessantly preyed on his constitution, had deprived him of his beloved friend; the news of the conquest followed soon after, and a ray of hope penetrated the clouds of involving woe; alas! I anticipated a visionary joy; that day which crowned with wreaths of palm and laurel the brows of victorious heroes, saw one of the most distinguished fall on the plains of Minden! A young officer, distantly related to Mrs. Fortescue, waited on that lady, with the melancholy information, that Raymond, in the final engagement, received three wounds, which the surgeons apprehended were mortal; and indeed, he added, when he left the tent it was the opinion of one of those gentlemen, from the great effusion of blood, which rendered him extremely faint



and languid, the colonel would scarcely survive the night: he lamented the necessity he was under of leaving the place before the event was ascertained, to which he said nothing but indispensable circumstances should have compelled him.

About ten months after receiving these melancholy tidings, as I was one morning standing at my dressing room window, in that state of mental abstraction from outward objects which the wretched often feel, a carriage, driving up the avenue of chestnut trees in front of the house, roused me from the indulgence of melancholy ideas: it was Mrs. Fortescue's; but I hardly knew her, as she alighted with almost youthful gaiety: her dress, too, surprised me: she had exchanged the sables of mourning for a brocade of pea-green with silver flowers. As I advanced to meet her, she said, "Come my Athenia, that pensive air must give place to smiles, and those black robes to bridal ornaments. I happily possess an infallible talisman, to restore the native roses to your cheeks, my beloved daughter." Folding her maternal arms about me, she tenderly saluted me, and gave me a letter; I knew the writing, and sudden joy for a few moments overcame me; when I had at length power to break the seal, I wanted words to express the emotions of my soul, as I read the welcome lines, which told me that my Raymond was perfectly recovered from a long and dangerous illness, and would be with me a few hours after this letter. I asked Mrs. Fortescue when this invaluable treasure was conveyed to her hands. "As I was at breakfast this morning," she replied, "a servant rode up to the door on horseback, and, inquiring if I was at home, delivered a packet to Maurice, saying, his master had ordered him to wait till I had opened it, as probably I might have a message for the lady to whose house he was going. I sent for him into the parlour, and asked him how my son had heard of my removal from L——? He said, the colonel knew not but that I still resided there, and had sent him thither, but finding another family in the house to which he had been directed, he inquired of them the place of my abode, and came with the utmost expedition; adding, as soon as he had carried a letter to Miss Melmoth at Woodbine Grove, he should make all possible haste back, to prevent his master's going round by L——, which was many miles out of the way. I told him to give me the letter, which I would take care to convey to you; and after some suitable refreshment return without delay.

The day was spent in a truly social manner; but we thought old Time had shook off his plumes, and crept rather than flew, till five o'clock, when the colonel arrived.

Our reception of him evinced our joy, which he shared in a manner bordering on transport; his long indisposition had not made so very great an alteration in his looks as I expected; though he was much thinner, and his complexion had not regained that fine glow of health which now overspread it. His mother's anxiety was no less than mine to know the reason of her son's having never written to us, when returning health permitted; and was beginning to make inquiry. This the colonel prevented by drawing his chair between ours, and taking a hand of each, which he alternately pressed to his lips, said, "Soon after Captain Wilson, who informed you, madam," to Mrs. Fortescue, "of my being wounded, had left the tent, Mr. Stirling, an English gentleman, whom I had frequently visited, came to inquire after me, and insisted on my being carried to his house, which was much nearer than my own lodgings. I believe the surgeons at that time apprehended imminent danger; but at my hospitable friend's repeated importunities, I was placed on a litter, and conveyed very slowly, and with the utmost care, to his dwelling. Extreme languor, from loss of blood, reduced me for several hours to a state of insensibility; when I opened my eyes, the first object they rested on was a young lady, sitting by my bedside, the sister of Mrs. Stirling. She was handsome and accomplished, and during my illness attended me with an attention and assiduity which I imputed to the native benevolence of her heart. As I was for a long time unable to hold a pen, and you, my beloved friends, were ever in my thoughts, I asked the favour of Miss Rochelle to be my amanuensis. As I dictated a few lines to my Athenia, I observed her face suddenly suffused with a blush of the deepest crimson, an universal tremor seized her, and she twice dropped the pen as she copied my expressions. When I was so far recovered as no longer to need her friendly assistance, I passed as much of my time in writing as the physician would allow. It soothed and cheered the tedious hours of absence, and I fondly anticipated the pleasures of hearing from you in reply: but month after month wore away, and not a line, either from my mother or Miss Melmoth, blessed my longing eyes. Lost in conjectures, my anxiety hourly increased, and sometimes my imagination presaged the worst of all that could befall me; the two dearest of human beings, I feared, had found their way before me to the grave. Miss Rochelle exerted all her skill to relieve my dejection; she tried the efficacy of music, accompanying her guitar with her voice, which was uncommonly fine. She often sought to engage my attention to some favourite author; and one day, taking up a

volume of Shakspeare, began reading the "Twelfth Night;" but when she came to these lines,

"She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek,"

she burst into tears, and instantly left the room. I was surprised at the sudden emotion, and to your partiality, which will acquit your Raymond of vanity, I may confess an apprehension, (indeed faithfully true) that Miss Rochelle cherished an affection for him which he never wished to excite, except in the gentle bosom of his Athenia. This painful idea adding yet more to my impatience of returning to England, I daily wearied my doctor with importunities to consent to my embarking.

The evening previous to my quitting Mr. Stirling's, he happened to be particularly engaged for an hour or two; and the air being remarkably clear and serene, I retired to the observatory; attracted by the singular brilliancy of one of the planets, I was surveying it through a reflecting telescope, when somebody stepped softly along the apartment. I turned my head, and Miss Rochelle threw herself on her knees at my feet. Astonished beyond expression, I would have raised her, but she refused my assistance. "No, Mr. Fortescue," her voice faltering as she spoke, and her eyes never once lifted from the ground, "this attitude best becomes a suppliant, and I will not rise till you pardon a fault of which you are at present ignorant, but which has been the hidden source of all your sorrow." Perfectly stupified, I could not understand a syllable: I thought her reason was affected. The following words undeceived me:—I am not surprised that my address appears mysterious; I cannot express myself coherently; but this," putting into my hands a packet, containing all the letters I had written to you, with those Miss Rochelle had written for me, "will explain my meaning. You know my weakness, sir; but can you pity and forgive my want of resolution to promote the happiness of Miss Melmoth while I was so wretched. I wished her to believe you lost to her for ever, and this was my motive for detaining those letters addressed to Mrs. Fortescue; as they were to be enclosed under the same covers with mine, to my beloved Matilda, it was an easy task to deceive my brother, to whom you always gave yours, and he delivered them into my hand. Hope deluded me into a belief of improbability;—surely, I am the first of my sex that ever flattered herself with a prospect of happiness from the usual inconstancy of man! But Athenia was absent; she had never been your nurse in sickness; and my assiduous attentions, joined to that resentment I thought the idea of her unkind-

ness in not writing to you must kindle in your breast, I vainly hoped would have taught you to forget her charms: but when no reflection, awakened by anger, or suspicion of fickleness in her affection mingled with your grief, I wept at the futility of my expectations; and when I beheld that sorrow, which at times appeared insupportable, I lamented my meanness and duplicity with bitter tears of contrition and unfeigned repentance. Believe me, sir, I despised myself, even more than I envied Miss Melmoth, and would gladly, had my fortitude equalled my inclination, have disclosed the secret, that would, in a great measure, have restored your peace. But how could I bear the thoughts of losing your esteem? Life itself is less dear to me; yet at this hour, I feel your happiness to be dearer still! Think what you have suffered, in comparison of what I shall do, in the conscious review of my own littleness, will be trifling, and let that consideration induce you to forgive an offence for which I have now made all the atonement I am able, before I bid you an eternal adieu! and when you remember the unhappy Gartha, endeavour to repel those painful ideas, which I fear will too often mingle with the recollection."

Struck with the earnestness of her manner, nor less so with the confession she had made, I stood for a few minutes unable to reply. I repeatedly offered her my hand, entreated her to rise, and expressed with ardour, those sentiments of gratitude for her many kind attentions to me during my tedious illness. "I cannot, sir," said she, "accept acknowledgments of this nature. I was more than recompensed by the pleasure of your conversation, for what you call a trouble: nor will I receive your offered hand, till you give it as the pledge of amity and forgiveness." I could not use the latter word—degrading to a lady from one of my own sex. I would have conveyed an idea of superiority highly unbecoming any man to assume, and so I told Miss Rochelle; at the same time adding, if to know I could never harbour any resentment towards her, and that her felicity was one of my heart's first wishes, I did, with the utmost sincerity, assure her of both. She then rose, and retiring a few paces, fixed her eyes on me for a moment. "Most generous of men! be happiness uninterrupted the portion of you and your Athenia!" Sighs rendered her voice inarticulate, and she hastily withdrew.

After a sleepless night, I took leave of the benevolent Mr. and Mrs. Stirling. Miss Rochelle, as I expected, did not appear. I obtained the promise of a visit from that gentleman, but I could not prevail on his lady to accompany him."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that Miss Melmoth soon became the wife of Fortescue.



## THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

### LISBON IN 1820.

COME here to my window, and overlook the public market!—Look at the grapes—and at the water-melons—and at the “frails” of figs—and at the oranges? See the olive!—you have it in groves. See the aloe!—it blows in the very hedges! Look at the shrimps—in this country they are all prawns; taste the Bucellas wine—it is sold at a drinkable price. Then, there is your coffee, your liquor, your lemonade, and your sweetmeat! And what are all these—even all these—set against your view! In front, a clear river, full three miles across—with hills, and woods, and valleys, and white villages beyond. Behind, a city hanging in the air!—a city of enchantment, which you see five-sixths of at a glance!—covering a tract of ground, as compared with its population, three times greater than is occupied by London; besides suburbs, prolonged almost farther than the eye can follow, of villas, gardens, palaces, orchards, aqueducts, and olive plantations!—And all this—the river, the city, and the suburbs! the far shore of the Alentejo, and the white harbour of Casildeas! the Moorish fort of St. Juliao's, the distant village of Belem, the port, with two hundred ships at anchor in it, and room for twice two hundred more! See it all—all at one view—in the rich red glow of a purple summer's evening!

The antique *costume*, among the men, in the higher orders, has disappeared; and their adopted modern garb seems ill-fashioned and untasteful. We laugh at people who put on a cocked hat with jockey boots, because we think fit to wear one only with silk stockings. But the women maintain all their ancient attributes, in dress, feature, and deportment. The veil, and the dark eyes; and the rosaries, and the profuse ringlets, and the loose cloak, and the female domestic following them in the street. Then there are the fishermen from the Casildeas coast, with their Salvator beards, and swarthy visages. And the swine-herds, from Aldea Geleffa, in their straw cloaks and russet shoes. And the muleteers from Beira—who carry you, soul and body, back to Don Quixote! with scarlet sashes short knee-breeches, *sombrero* hats, and gaudy waistcoats, leading long strings of staring mules, with bells at their necks, and pack-saddles, as vigorous as Ukraine horses, and as wicked as wild asses, and decorated grotesquely, with a profusion of worsted fringe and tassels about their bridles, and other head-gear.

Evening is the preferable season here for

walking. Annoyance sometimes accrues out of a slovenly custom the people have of throwing their slops and rubbish (even in respectable houses) from the windows; but this ceremony seldom becomes very general until ten, or, perhaps, eleven o'clock, when scarcely any Portuguese unless in carriages are abroad. A stranger should go forth, as the first bat gets on the wing! Just after the bell has done ringing for vespers—as the stars begin to peep gently through the clear red of the horizon, and the ladies' eyes to glance curiously from the cross lattices of their *windows*! Then plant yourself in one of the several squares which run along the edge of the Tagus, and you have the fresh, cool, sea breeze fanning you on one side, while, on the other, terrace above terrace, as children build their palaces of cards, the whole city, like one vast edifice, rises on your view.

You never saw any thing at all like the scene, unless, perhaps, it was a scene in a fairy pantomime at a theatre! The illumination consisted, not of coloured lamps, or of lamps laid into devices, as the fashion is in England; but principally of candles, disposed in great abundance, through houses five or six stories high, in every window, from top to bottom. The flashing, one after another, of the lights on the different quarters of the town, as the dusk of the evening deepened into darkness! the bright glare of the lamps and tapers on the white of yellow houses; relieved, but not saddened, by the free mixture of green, the favourite colour here for shutters and window-blinds, or varying into a thousand different tints, with every successive gust of wind, on the trees in the courts and gardens of the city! And then, in the midst of all this array of tapers, and lamps, and torches, to see the moon suddenly bursting out, and throwing her cold white light across the flickering yellow blaze of the candles—dazzling with a reflection from glass windows in one place—breaking the rocks, and convents, and churches, into strange irregular shadow in another! And all this delicious scene of fairy splendour and confusion—these lighted palaces, and these gardens, and statues, and running fountains—the whole of this gay tissue of *bizarrierie* and brilliancy, running, from such a height, that the lights of the topmost buildings seemed to mix with the very stars down to the river's edge, and reflected in the waters of the Tagus!

## THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—*London, May, 29th.*  
On Thursdy night a sportive drama, in three acts, imitated by Mr. Howard Payne, from Duval's French piece *La Jeunesse*

*Henri Quatre*, and entitled *Charles the Second, or the Merry Monarch*, was produced at this theatre with entire success. The same foundation had previously served Mr. Moncrieffe for a drama at one of the minor theatres, called *Rochester, or Wageries of Wapping*. The plot is made up of some vagaries at a tavern, to which Charles and his favourite repair in disguise, and though slight, it is very amusing. Kemble and Jones performed the King and Rochester excellently. Fawcett, as Captain Copp, the landlord, had a character which suited him better than any new one he has assumed for a long while. His acting was admirable, both for rough pathos and hearty merriment. Miss M. Tree, as his Niece, played archly and sweetly; and in two songs, as well as a duet with Duruset, did justice to some of the most beautiful words we have lately heard introduced for theatrical music. Duruset also sustained his part of Page and Music-master, with taste and sufficient humour; and Mrs. Faucit, as the Mistress of Rochester, did not allow the piece to languish while in her hands. Unanimous applause crowned the announcement for repetition; and as "Charley has many good points about him," we dare say they will please for many evenings. We subjoin the verses to which we have alluded with so much commendation. The first is Mary's song at her uncle's residence; the second, the duet taught her by her lover in the disguise of a music-master; and the third, her song on being brought to the royal palace.

*Lit. Gazette.*

#### SONG.

Oh, not when other eyes may read  
My heart upon my cheek—  
Oh, not when other ears can hear,  
Dare I of love to speak:  
But when the stars rise from the sea,  
Oh, then I think of thee, dear love!  
Oh, then I think of thee.

When o'er the olives of the dell  
The silent moonlight falls,  
And upon the rose the dew  
Hangs scented coronals,  
And buds close on the chesnut-tree,—  
Oh, then I think of thee, dear love!  
Oh, then I think of thee.

#### DUET.

Love, one day, essayed to gain  
Entrance into Beauty's bower;  
Many a toil and many a chain  
Guarded round the precious flower.

But Love laid aside his bow,  
Veiled his wing, hid his dart,  
Entered more than Beauty's bower,  
Entered also Beauty's heart.

Hence was the sweet lesson learnt—  
Fond hearts never should despair;  
Kept with truth, and led by hope,  
What is there Love may not dare?

#### RECITATIVE.

Thrice beautiful!—alas! that here  
Should ever come a frown or tear;  
But not beneath the gilded dome  
Hath happiness its only home.

#### AIR.

Not in the pictured halls,  
Not amid marble walls,  
Will young Love dwell;  
Love's home's the heart alone—  
That heart, too, all his own,  
Else, Love, farewell.

### BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

#### MEMOIRS OF JOHN COURTOIS.

THE subject of this article affords an extraordinary instance of what may be effected by persevering industry. To this was superadded an economy, bordering on extreme penury, and a passion, or rather, rage for accumulation, that, after the lapse of half a century, actually converted a French barber into a great English capitalist!

John Courtois is said to have been a native of Picardy, where he was born about the year 1737 or 1738. He repaired to England while yet young, in the character of valet de chambre to a gentleman who had picked him up in his travels; and as he came from one of the poorest of the French provinces, he 'took root,' and thrived wonderfully on his transplantation to a richer soil. On the death of his master, he removed to the neighbourhood of the Strand; and St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square, became the scene of his industry and success. At a time when wigs were worn by boys, and a Frenchman was supposed the only person capable of making one fit 'for the grand monarque,' he commenced business as a perruquier, and soon acquired both wealth and celebrity. To this he joined another employment, which proved equally lucrative and appropriate, as it subjected both masters and servants to his influence. This was the keeping of a register-office, one of the first known in the metropolis, whence he drew incalculable advantages. He is also said to have been a dealer in hair, which he imported largely from the continent. And yet, after all, it is difficult to conceive how he could have realised a fortune exceeding 200,000l.! But what may not be achieved by a man who despised no gains, however small, and in his own expressive language, considered 'farthings as the seeds of guineas!'

The following appears to be a true description of this extraordinary man:—Old Courtois was well known for more than half a century in the purlieus of St. Martin's and the Haymarket. His appearance was mea-



gre and squalid, and his clothes, such as they were, were pertinaciously got up in exactly the same cut and fashion, and the colour always either fawn or marone. For the last thirty years, the venerable chapeau was uniformly of the same cock. The following anecdote is generally credited:—Some years since, the late Lord Gage met Courtois, at the court-room of the East India House, on an election business. 'Ah, Courtois,' said his lordship, 'what brings you here?'—'To give my votes, my Lord,' was the answer.—'What! are you a proprietor?'—'Most certainly.'—'And of more votes than one?'—'Yes, my Lord, I have FOUR!'—'Ay indeed! Why, then, before you take the book, pray be kind enough to pin up my curls. With which modest request the proprietor of four votes, equal to ten thousand pounds, immediately complied.' His death occurred in 1819, in the 80th or 81st year of his age.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

—Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

### MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S,

No. VIII.

#### *Interesting fact relative to Copper Sheathing.*

A COMMUNICATION was made by Mr. John Floyd of the navy-yard, of an interesting nature, touching the protection of ship's bottoms by plates of copper. He produced a piece of the rolled copper, about a foot square, that had been nailed to the bottom of the U. S. ship Ontario for nearly four years. He pointed out a remarkable circumstance concerning it: while the workmen were fastening on this metallic sheathing, certain marks were made upon it by the material in common use among carpenters, called *red chalk*. Where this coloured substance had been applied to the copper, there was a visible and tangible ridge or elevation above the rest of the sheet. The material employed to make the mark, had adhered to the copper during the whole term of service, and had protected it in a considerable degree from corrosion by salt water. The rest of the copper sheathing, which had not been marked or covered by the red chalk, had been eaten away as usual, by exposure to the oceanic fluid; and rendered thin enough to call for a renewal. Mr. F. also produced a sample of the arti-

cle that had been employed for forming the marks, and which by its adherence, had saved the copper from dissolution. On examination, it was found to be the mineral called *reddle*, which is an argillaceous oxyd of iron, very nearly allied to red ochre. It has a compact texture; forming a streak of a brighter red than its fracture. The purer forms are manufactured into crayons for limners; and the coarser used by carpenters for drawing lines.

Thus, there seemed to be so much evidence of the fact, that this ferruginous material would protect copper from the brine of the sea, that the question was asked, why *reddle* might not be employed with advantage, to secure the whole surface from marine waste.

After considering the matter in various lights, it was recommended that fair specimens be forwarded to the commissioners of the navy board at Washington; that, on being assured of the occurrences, they might order such direct experiments to be made as they should judge expedient, for ascertaining a matter of such high moment to navigation.

#### *Indiana Oil Stone.*

Mr. James Prentiss, introduced by John W. Wyman, Esq. exhibited another natural production of an important relation to the arts. This was the whetstone, quarried in the town of Hindostan, Martin county, and state of Indiana. It is of a brownish white colour, and is evidently an argillaceous sand-stone of firm coherence and fine grit. It may be used with water, but it is much harder, sharper, and better, when well saturated with olive or other oil, with which it should always be kept moist. When oil is withheld, it seems rougher and coarser; becomes too soft, wears away fast, and it grows so dry and muddy, as to prevent the proper action of the grit. Its excellence was attested by a considerable number of the most judicious and extensive workers with edge-tools in the city of New-York. They state, that its excellence and superiority consist in the free, sharp, and uniform quality of the grit, enabling it to act readily on iron and steel, and preparing them duly for their respective and manifold uses.

The persons who prepare the article for market, observe that it splits or separates

more easily flatwise than crosswise. The manufacturers and proprietors, therefore, recommend that the *edge* or *side* (as they call it) should be preferred to the *broad surface* by carpenters, cabinet-makers, cutlers, engravers, and other artists, who wish to procure in a very short time, an edge smooth enough for their purposes. Though the flat side or argillaceous surface is preferable for razors, surgeon's instruments, pen-knives, and instruments requiring the most complete capacity to cut.

It is hoped that this material (in addition to the valuable article from Arkansas,) will render it wholly unnecessary to import Turkey whetstones from Smyrna, and hones or other sharpeners of tools and instruments, from any other port in the world. So said the company; but for the satisfaction of the worthy agent, recommended that an analysis should be made by Mr. Chilton.

#### *Curious Medal of Charles II.*

A gentleman asked an explanation of a silver medal which he produced. It was of a square or somewhat rhombic figure; and by weight did not equal the value of a half-dollar. The length of the sides was about an inch. The devices and inscriptions on it were crosswise, and not parallel to the sides. On one side was a *regal crown*, with the letters *C. R.* and on the other *O. B. S.* *Newark XII.*—Whereupon an opinion was given, that this was an historical document belonging to the turbulent reign of Charles I. king of England. It seems to have been struck to commemorate the faithless conduct of the Scotch army at Newark, to whom he delivered himself after the disastrous battle of Naseby in 1645, after his retreat to Oxford; and, after wandering about the country nine days in disguise. His Scottish military subjects betrayed him to the parliament for two hundred thousand pounds sterling. If he was crowned at Edinburgh in 1633, then by adding twelve to that number, it seems very apparent, that the medal was issued in the twelfth year from his coronation, or in the year 1645; a calculation that corresponds exactly with the events of the times. This piece of coinage is well worthy of a place in the collection of any person, who is curious in procuring and arranging articles intended to perpetuate the recollection of memorable events, and memorable men.

The musical artist who invented the new instrument, as an improvement on the trumpet, played several characteristic and agreeable tunes. He called it the *trombacello* from its possessing somewhat the same relation to the trumpet that the violoncello bears to the violin. Besides a greater length of tube, and a different modification of curves and inflexions from the common trumpet, the trombacello is furnished with two stops with keys, which have a powerful and pleasing operation in governing the tones. It was exhibited last autumn at the New-York county fair, and has since been examined by the musical critics and connoisseurs. Its inventor stated his intention soon to pass the Atlantic Ocean, and to present himself with his stately and sonorous instrument of brass to the Duke of York, commander in chief of the British forces, as a candidate for patronage.

#### *Another remedy for Tænia.*

Some vegetating plants were brought from Nova Scotia, during the spring of 1824, under the name of *worm-root*: the roots being reported to be very efficacious against zoophytes in the stomach and intestines, and more especially the tape-worm. They are recommended to be bruised or scraped in their raw and succulent state, and in that form received into the alimentary canal as a remedy. This day (July 9) one of the plants that had been carefully placed in the ground, was found to be in full blossom, inviting an inquiry into its genus and species. On examination, it turned out to be the *water-hemlock*, or "*cicuta maculata*:" an indigenous vegetable of the low grounds around New-York, and in most other parts of our country. It has long been known as a poison, when dug up and eaten inadvertently by children. Two fatal cases of which are recorded in Vol. XVII. Med. Repos. p. 303. It, therefore, possesses powers; and these are now made known to be of the anthelmintic kind, Mr. Aymar, the contributor, was requested to report the efficacy of the medicine on his daughter, who had for several years been tormented with tænia, and employed the usual remedies to little purpose. In obtaining a new vermifuge, the prescribing physician is enabled to wield another weapon against the entozoic monsters that infest the living bodies of human beings.



SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES.  
FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Mr. Dupins, late his Britannic majesty's envoy and consul at Ashantee, is about to publish a journal of his residence in that kingdom, which is expected to throw considerable light on the origin and cause of the present war.

At a late sitting of the Institute, Academy des Sciences, in Paris, M. Cuvier read a treatise on the anatomy of the brain.

The musical instrument most esteemed in Persia is called Bouk, which consists of a tube of metal, about an ell in length, the opening of which is no longer than the slit of a pen, or of a reed, whereas the other end opens at least as large as the hand. At the small opening for the mouth a little reed is applied, by which the wind is made to enter. The most agreeable sounds are derived from it, according to the different manner of applying the fingers.

The late Dutchess of Devonshire is chiefly praised for her liberal patronage of art and literature, artists and men of letters at Rome, her excavations, and her editions. She caused to be reprinted, with the utmost luxury of typographic and graphic art, the translation (into Italian) of Virgil, by Annibal Caro, and the journey to *Brundisium* of Horace, and she designed an edition of Dante, in the same style.

COAL.—Pit-coal when ground finely, is an excellent pigment either in oil or water. The best for this purpose is that which has a shining fracture. It affords, perhaps, the most useful brown the artist can place on his pallet; being remarkably clear, not so warm as Vandyke brown, and serving as a shadow for blues, reds, or yellows, when glazed over them. It seems almost certain that Titian made large use of this material. Coal when burnt to a white heat, then quenched in water and ground down gives an excellent blue black.

### LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.  
MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

*The Highlanders. A Tale in two vols.* 1824.

PROBABLY many of our readers remember the admirable sketches of life and manners, which a few years ago gave great *eclat* to the signature of the "Hermit in London." The *Highlanders* is from the same source; but we doubt whether it will add many leaves to the wreath of the intelli-

gent author. We recognise in it the hand which painted life so truly in the numbers of the *Hermit*. There is the same easy and graceful style of expression, the same truth and morality of sentiment; but the author falls short in the management of his story, in the conception of his events, and in his development of the plot. To those who read merely for the pleasurable excitement of the feelings, the *Highlanders* will not be of great interest. It will gratify those who admire fine writing and graceful touches of character. A considerable portion of the scene is laid in the Scottish Highlands, and the author has thrown out some spirited delineations of the customs and character of the valiant sons of the mountains. Still, with all this merit, the book is occasionally heavy, and the story drags wearily along.

*Saratoga. A Tale of the Revolution.* 1824.

THIS is another American novel, which has just made its bow to the literary world. We cannot say much in its favour. It can hardly be said to have a regular plot, but it rather consists of a series of small plots strung together, and frequently clashing against each other. One very great fault, or rather total failure, is in the dialogue. The conversations between the principal personages are absolutely everlasting. The tale is too prolix, by half. Were it condensed into one volume, it would claim much more interest, and be entitled to a share of moderate approbation. There is not enough nature in some of the characters. Graham, for instance, the hero of the story, is portrayed as perfection itself; not a speck darkens the whiteness of his character. Such persons never did and never can exist, and when we add to this the circumstance of his being a soldier, mingling in all the spirited and stirring scenes of martial life, exposed to its thousand temptations, we cannot but call it a great mistake to represent him as

"The faultless monster that the world ne'er saw."

There are some redeeming traits in the work: its principles are good, and it breathes a patriotism of spirit, but it is in general very deficient in interest.

*Songs by the way.* By the Rev. G. W. Doane, A. M. New-York. E. Bliss & E. White.

WE regret that ill health has obliged us to postpone a notice of this volume of poems,

until the present time. We have perused its contents with much pleasure, arising not only from their intrinsic merit, but also from their being the production of a college class-mate, who stood among the first of his fellow-students. Mr. Doane's songs are in a strain of pure devotional feeling, and his translations are executed in a classical style. We give two examples, one from Catullus, and the other from Alciatus, both of which are very handsomely finished. The latter we think particularly spirited and happy.

#### TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO.

*From the Latin of Catullus.*

"Peninsularum, Sirmio, insularumque."

Fairest of all peninsulas,  
*Eyelet* of islands, Sirmio!  
 Of all the wide wave bathes, the best,  
 Where'er its varied waters flow:  
 So glad, so joyful my return,  
 So fondly I revisit thee,  
 I scarce can feel that Thynia left,  
 That from Bithynia's valleys reft,  
 Thee once again I safely see.

Oh! feels the heart a happier hour,  
 Than when, its ev'ry sorrow fled,  
 Thrown now aside its painful load,  
 Accomplish'd now its weary road,  
 Reach'd now the land that gave it birth,  
 Its native home, its holy hearth,  
 It rests upon its own, its long, long wished-for  
 bed?

Oh! this, for toilsome road and rough,  
 And labour hard, is meed enough.

Hail, then, lovely Sirmio!  
 Smile once more upon your lord;  
 Lydian waves that round me flow,  
 Your murmur'ing welcome now afford:  
 Every smile you have, my home!  
 Sport it now—the wand'rer's come.

#### LOVE AND DEATH.

*From the Latin of Alciatus.*

"Errabat socio Mors juncta Cupidine."

Love and death—odd cronies they—  
 Met once on a summer's day:  
 Death his wonted weapons bearing,  
 Little Love his quiver wearing;  
 This to wound, and that to slay,  
 Hand in hand they took their way.

Night came on. The self-same shed  
 Furnish'd both with board and bed;  
 While, beneath a wisp of hay,  
 Head and points, their arrows lay.

Ere the morning's faintest dawn,  
 Each had girt his armour on:  
 But, with too much haste arrang'd,  
 Luckless chance! their darts were chang'd.

Little space our heroes ran,  
 Ere their archery began.  
 Love a whizzing shaft let fly  
 At a youth with beaming eye:  
 The aim was true—one shriek he gave,

And sunk into an early grave.  
 Death shot next—he pierc'd the core  
 Of a dotard, past threescore:  
 The canker'd carle his crutch threw by—  
 A lover now with am'rous eye.

"Ho!" cried young Love, "here's some mis-  
 take;

These darts of mine sad havoc make."  
 "And mine," said Death, "instead of killing,  
 Serve but to set these bald-heads billing."

Reader, oft will *wanton age*  
 Bring to mind our sportive page;  
 Oh! that *youth's untimely fall*  
 Its sadder strain should e'er recall!

#### LONDON PERIODICALS.

Nothing shows more decidedly the prevailing taste in Great Britain for polite literature, than the rapid increase of her periodical journals, particularly those devoted to reviewing the numerous publications, which are there constantly issuing from the press. No less than *four* new works of this description were to make their appearance in London on the 1st. of last month, the publishers of which were endeavouring to obtain patronage, by promising to furnish performances better conducted, and possessing greater interest than any of their predecessors. The encouragement which literature receives in England renders it very probable that the projectors of these journals may all meet with success; for although the reading community there may not be more numerous than it is in the United States, the possession of an extensive library is so much the fashion among the wealthy, that no expense is spared to obtain one. It is even no uncommon thing for a London bookseller to be in possession of as many unlimited orders for "new works," as would warrant him in sending to the press almost any MS. put into his hands.—Hence the number of ephemeral productions, and the costly style in which those of a higher order are frequently brought out in the British metropolis.

The new periodical works to which we have alluded, are entitled—

The European Review.

The New Review.

The Colonial Register, and West India Journal.

The News of Literature and Fashion.

The first of these is spoken of as a most extraordinary work. It was to appear on the same day in all the countries of Europe,



and in each of their different languages. Its principles were to be liberal and constitutional, and the contributors some of the first men of literary talent in England, France, Italy, and Germany. The following are said to be among the number:—De Jouy, the author of the *Hermit de la Chaussée d'Antin*, Benjamin Constant, the historian Guizot, the poet Beranger, the Baron de Barante, General Jomini, Dupin the writer on England, Champollion the discoverer of the hieroglyphics, Mullner the great dramatic poet of Germany, Schlosser the historian, Chevalier Angelis, and Baron Denon.

Connected with this monthly work, and supported, it is said, by the same association, will at the same time appear the paper, to be published weekly, entitled *The News of Literature and Fashion*. Their object, it is stated, "is to give all those matters of temporary or of immediate interest which the delay of a month would render useless—all the news of literature and of polite society. A paper which should give the anecdotes, the jeux d'esprits, the bons-mots, the chit-chat of literature, and should leave reviewing to monthly and quarterly works, is certainly a desideratum, but it can only be done where the wits of all countries agree, as is promised in this case, to make it the depot of *their best things*."

The first number of the "New Review" was to be distributed gratis, to the amount of 5000 copies, in order to give the public "a specimen of the superior and business-like plan of the work."—This reminds us of the method we adopted to introduce the *Minerva*. We circulated 3000 copies of the first number, *free of charge*; with this difference, however, that we had no prospectus announcing our intentions, and that few knew them until we had actually done what the London Editor had only promised to do. If he is as successful as we have been, he will have no cause to regret this liberal distribution. It is announced as a "constant feature of this New Review, that all books which can be discovered to have been published in any month, will be suitably noticed in the 1st of the next month but one after their appearance, by which system it will become a complete Critical Register of the General Literature of the Times." We shall be able to judge how far the promises

have been fulfilled when we receive the work itself, for which we have transmitted an order to our correspondent.

We have not received the prospectus of "the Colonial Register and West India Journal;" but we perceive, by a notice of the contents of No. I. in the London papers, that it occupies an extensive field, and is not, as its title would seem to indicate, altogether confined to the British Colonies.—It embraces matters intimately connected with the United States, and with South America; which, when including, as it promises, every thing relating to the West Indies, British North America, New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, and Tristan Da Canha, will prove a valuable addition to this department of English literature.

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### THE GRACES.

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"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"  
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:  
"We come," THE GRACES three! to teach the spell,  
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."  
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:  
"Let Wit, and Wisdom, with her sovereign Beauty dwell."

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### ROMAN WOMEN.

AMONG the Romans, a grave and austere people, who, during five hundred years, were unacquainted with the elegancies and pleasures of life, and who, in the middle of furrows and fields of battle, were employed in tillage or in war, the manners of the women were a long time as solemn and severe as those of the men, and without the smallest mixture of corruption, or of weakness. The time when the Roman women began to appear in public, marks a particular era in history. In the infancy of the city, and even until the conquest of Carthage, shut up in their houses, where a simple and rustic virtue paid every thing to instinct, and nothing to elegance—so nearly allied to barbarism, as only to know what it was to be wives and mothers—chaste without apprehending they could be otherwise—tender and affectionate, before they had learned the meaning of the words—occupied in duties, and ignorant that there were other pleasures; they spent their life in retirement, in domestic economy, in nursing their children, and in rearing to the republic a race of labourers, or of soldiers.

The Roman women, for many ages, were respected over the whole world. Their victorious husbands revisited them with transport, at their return from battle. They laid at their feet the spoils of the enemy, and endeared themselves in their eyes, by the wounds which they had received for them and for the state. Those warriors often came from imposing commands on

kings; and in their own houses accounted it an honour to obey. In vain the too rigid laws had made them the arbiters of life and death. More powerful than the laws, the women ruled their judges.

The Roman matrons seem not to have possessed that military courage which Plutarch has praised in certain Greek and barbarian women: they partook more of the nature of their sex; or, at least, they departed less from its character. Their first quality was decency. Every one knows the story of Cato the censor, *who stabbed a Roman senator for kissing his own wife in the presence of his daughter*. To these austere manners, the Roman women joined an enthusiastic love of their country, which discovered itself on many occasions. On the death of Brutus, they all clothed themselves in mourning. In the time of Coriolanus they saved the city. That incensed warrior who had insulted the senate and the priests, and who was superior even to the pride of pardoning, could not resist the tears and entreaties of the women. *They* melted his obdurate heart. The senate decreed them public thanks, ordered the men to give place to them on all occasions, caused an altar to be erected for them on the spot where the mother had softened her son, and the wife her husband; and the sex were permitted to add another ornament to their head-dress.

The Roman women saved the city a second time, when besieged by Brennus. They gave up all their gold as its ransom. For that instance of their generosity the senate granted them the honour of having funeral orations pronounced in the rostrum, in common with patriots and heroes. After the battle of Cannæ, when Rome had no other treasures but the virtues of their citizens, the women sacrificed both their gold and their jewels. A new decree rewarded their zeal.

Valerius Maximus, who lived in the reign of Tiberius, informs us that, in the second triumvirate, the three assassins who governed Rome, thirsting after gold, no less than blood, and having already practised every species of robbery, and worn out every method of plunder, resolved *to tax the women*. They imposed a heavy contribution on each of them. The women sought an orator to defend their cause, but found none. Nobody would reason against those who had the power of life and death. The daughter of the celebrated Hortensius alone appeared. She revived the memory of her father's abilities, and supported with intrepidity the cause of her sex. The ruffians blushed, and revoked their orders. Hortensia was conducted home in triumph, and had the honour of having given in one day an example of courage to men, a pattern of eloquence to women, and a lesson of humanity to tyrants.

## EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 16. Vol. I. of *New Series* of the *MIRNVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The True Use of Riches. Amelia*, By M. De Jouy.

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Last Days of Rome*.

THE DRAMA.—*Paris Theatres*.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Miss Sophia Lee*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchill's*.—*Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals*.—*Curiosities for the Ingenious*.

LITERATURE.—*Lord Byron*.

THE GRACES.—*Roman Women*. No. II.

POETRY.—*Leander*; by "J. R. Sutermeister;" and other pieces.

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

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## THE RECORD.

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—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

Bathing with common spring water three times a day or oftener, and binding up with linen, kept constantly wet with the same, is said to be an effectual cure, in a few months, of the scrofula or kings evil.

An application of an ointment composed of gunpowder, brimstone, and grease, behind the necks of lambs, is recommended as a preservative from all kinds of vermin.

A saw fish, measuring fifteen feet in length by four and a half in breadth, was lately caught in a seine, off the south beach, Sullivan's Island. It has been purchased and preserved by the Literary and Philosophical Society, and placed in the museum at Charleston.

Another creature, said to be a real mermaid, has been brought to London from the East Indies, accompanied by a young native, who was to attend its exhibition, and explain to naturalists and others many particulars relative to this extraordinary species.

Washington Irving has undertaken to edit "a collection of English literature," to be published in Paris in monthly numbers.

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## MARRIED,

Mr. Jesse Hall to Miss Ann Shoff.  
Mr. J. Berry to Miss De Peyster.  
Mr. J. R. Groves to Miss J. Metcalf.  
Mr. R. Lyons to Miss M. B. Johnson.  
Mr. G. Doyne to Miss M. Hipwell.  
Mr. G. Peacock to Miss G. B. Fountain.  
Mr. T. A. Masters to Miss Julia A. Scott.  
Mr. J. Russel to Miss A. M. Carpenter.

## DIED,

Mr. Thomas Jarman, aged 57 years.  
Mrs. Lydia C. Weyman.  
Mr. Frederic Le Roy, aged 27 years.  
Mrs. A. Harriot, aged 53 years.



## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

## THE INCONSTANT.

OH yes 'tis true, when first we met,  
And I first knew thy witching art,  
Love gaily threw his silken net  
Around my unresisting heart:  
And then I said thine eye's soft blue  
Was brighter far than Heaven's own hue;  
But I have since seen eyes that shine  
As brilliantly as even thine.

Love bade me swear that thy cheek's glow  
The blushes of the rose would shame;  
That lilies vied not with thy brow,  
That thy lips seemed the ruby's flame.  
But though thou still art passing fair,  
Yet others may with thee compare,  
And I might even find *one* face  
Would far excel thy winning grace.

I long have prized thy beaming smile,  
And called it my heart's sun-shine bright;  
E'en *now* it may at times beguile,  
But it hath lost its sweetest light.  
Why is this change? I cannot tell,  
Except that fancy's magic spell  
Is broken now, for Love will roam  
When he can find a fairer home.

IANTHE

For the Minerva.

[We welcome the re-appearance of an esteemed correspondent in the authoress of the following lines.]

## STANZAS.

Chill blows the howling gale  
That freshens from the east, and lone I stand  
Where by the shelter of the dripping sail,  
Shivering, I court the sun-beam faint and pale,  
And eye the distant land.

The sad, autumnal hue  
Of sear and yellow foliage clothes the shore;  
Its narrow strand receding from the view,  
And sedgy marge, and lowly dwellings few,  
Once marked—attract no more.

How cold and drear this scene,  
These ever-restless waves that revel free,—  
Oh sooth poetic fancy! intervene;  
In pleasing revery, come! and gently lean,  
Like-sea nymph on the sea.

Lo, yonder bold sea bird,  
With dappled wing, that slowly mounts the blast;  
His ruffled plumes by hurtling winds are stirred,  
Yet soars he still, his smooth flight undeterred,  
He gains mid-sky at last.—

So he who dwells apart,  
Wrapt in some sorrow, some peculiar woe,  
Let him on thought's strong wing from earth depart!  
Communion high with heaven shall bear his heart  
Safe o'er our ills below.

Behold! where late the rack  
Broken and hurried swept—'tis now thin air;  
And where our galley wore a glittering track  
Broad o'er the subject waters rolling back—  
No furrow lingers there;

Gone are they—nor impede

Your course, O winds! that moan so wildly loud;  
For what dark purpose is your winged speed?  
Rush ye, with billows fierce, defying heed,  
The gallant ship to shroud?

The winds, replying throw,  
While ceaseless round the straining shrouds they rave,  
Foam o'er the drenched deck and labouring prow,  
And drive us through the momentary snow  
That crests the flashing wave.

And what art thou, O life!

And Time! and thy events, and all their span,  
Save a frail bark upon the billow's strife,  
That ploughs up frothy spume, a moment rife,  
But lost where it began?

Ye fail—no more ye come,

Ye breathings of the deep, nor rude combine  
To haste our fleet ship to her island home:  
Ye sleep along your sea-green couch, the foam  
Melts on the heaving brine.

Fitful, ye cease to play,

The flapping sail falls back in many a fold.  
The western clouds diffuse departing day;  
And though the calm retard, 'tis bright delay,—  
We float o'er fretted gold!

Above, the sudden flow

Of mellowed light the effulgent dome attires,  
While sea and air resplendent shine below,  
Like one vast temple, lighted by the glow  
Of heaven-descending fires.

Glorious thou art, O Sun!

Decked in thy panoply of clouds at eve;  
As victor in the lists, whose feats are done,  
Smiles as he views the gathered trophies won,  
Exulting ere he leave.

Farewell, thou Sun! away!

Hie on thy course: and ere the rosy hours  
The cloudy throng disperse that bar thy ray,  
And strew with purple wrecks thy morning way,  
Home—home and friends be ours!—

M.

For the Minerva.

## STANZAS.

Oh! hast thou marked the smile that plays  
On Beauty's cheek in morning's hour,  
When rapture's sun her blithest rays  
Hath scattered on hope's summer bower?  
The golden dawn, whose orient light  
Cheers the gay scene, with witching grace,  
Puts forth no smile to glad the sight  
So sweet as that on Beauty's face!

Oh! hast thou marked the rising tear  
Which trills from Beauty's kindly eye,  
When dark distress and lonely fear  
Have marred its sweet serenity?  
The dew upon the violet flower,  
Which sparkles in the sunny ray,  
Beams not as bright in morning's hour  
As Beauty's tear on that sad day!

Oh! when joy's early sun on high  
Bids fair one's morning heav'n to bless,  
How sweetly doth love's fervent sigh  
Breathe on the soul its happiness!  
Ay, the light zephyr's wing can bear  
No softer whisper through the sky,  
When the lone moon in cloudless air  
Looks out in glad serenity!

And when the soul, no longer free,  
Hath owned the bonds which linked its bliss,  
And in the heart's idolatry,  
Love seals the union with a kiss—  
How dearly, how supremely blest,  
Is the warm heart of gentle youth!  
There is no joy to soothe the breast  
Like fond love's early kiss of truth!

J. R. SUTERMEISTER.

### THE WORLD AND ITS FLOWERS.

*Translated from the Spanish by Mr. Bowring.*

"Del mundo y sus flores."

"Trust not, man! earth's flowers—but keep  
Busy watch—they fade, they bow—  
Watch, I say, for thou may'st weep  
O'er the things thou smil'st on now.

Man! thou art a foolish child,  
Playing for a flying ball—  
Trifling sports, and fancies wild,  
But the earth-worm swallows all.  
Wherefore in a senseless sleep,  
Careless dreaming—thoughtless vow—  
Waste existence?—Thou wilt weep  
O'er the days thou smil'st on now.

Earth—that passes like a shade,  
Vain as lightest shade can be;  
Soon in dust and darkness laid,  
Crumbles in obscurity.  
Insects of destruction creep  
O'er its fairest, greenest bough:  
Watch, I say, or thou shalt weep  
O'er the flowers thou smil'st on now.

Watch, I say; the dying worm  
That lifts up its voice to thee—  
Dreads the over-threatening storm—  
Fain in shelter'd port would be.  
Laugh not—scorn not—tempt not—keep  
Smiling folly from thy brow,  
Lest in misery thou shouldst weep  
O'er the thoughts thou smil'st on now.

We do not vouch for the authenticity of these lines—  
they may be Moore's, but certainly are not in his style.

### TO LORD BYRON,

*On reading his 'Stanzas on the Silver Foot of a Skull  
mounted as a Cup for Wine.' By T. Moore, Esq.*

Why hast thou bound around, with silver trim,  
This once gay peopled palace of the soul?  
Look on it now! deserted, bleached, and grim,  
Is this, thou feverish man, thy festal bowl?

Is this the cup wherein thou seek'st the balm,  
Each brighter chalice to thy lip denies?  
Is this the oblivious bowl whose floods becalm  
The worm that will not sleep and never dies?

Woe to the lip to which this cup is held!  
The lip that's palled with every purer draught;  
For which alone the rifled grave can yield  
A goblet worthy to be deeply quaffed.

Strip, then, this glittering mockery from the skull,  
Restore the relic to its tomb again;  
And seek a healing balm within the bowl,  
The blessed bowl that never flowed in vain!

### TO A VIOLET.

*From the German of Holly.*

Hide in thy dark blue cup, oh! hide  
The tears of sadness, 'till my fair  
Comes to this murm'ring fountain's side,  
And plucks thee to adorn her hair.

Then to her breast, oh bend, and tell  
How these fond tears, which on thee lie,  
Flow from a heart that loves her well,  
That lives to weep, and longs to die.

### EPIGRAM.

#### THE FORCIBLE APPEAL.

By one decisive argument  
Giles gain'd his lovely Kate's consent,  
To fix the bridal day:  
"Why in such haste, dear Giles, to wed?  
I shall not change my mind," she said;  
"But then," says he, "I may!"

### ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

*Answer to PUZZLE in our last.*

Earnest (*Ear Nest*.)

#### NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Explore my name, Columbia's fair divine,  
For by my aid your charms redundant shine.  
I am the base your happiness supports,  
But oft'ner found in cottages than courts.  
A chart by which you ne'er can go astray,  
Make me your guide, you're certain of the way,  
Guarded by me you may the rake defy,  
And every snare pass with derision by.  
The lovely bride though rich in worldly store,  
Bereft of me, for all her wealth, is poor;  
To Hymen's laws I give eternal joy, [destroy.  
Which fortune can't decrease nor even death

II.

My heart is the lot that is destined by fate  
For my second to meet with in every state,  
My whole is by many philosophers reckon'd,  
To bring very often my first to my second.

#### EDITED BY

GEORGE HOUSTON AND JAMES G. BROOKS,  
And published every Saturday  
BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,  
123 Broadway, New-York,

Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No  
subscription can be received for less than a year,  
and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed  
to the publishers.

J SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.